

Hon. John P. ... 1843

Principles of the

Act III, IV, V

Given to the ... for
the ... performance
of ...

Pipe and bells ready under stage
One bell to play at each cue

Pipe and bells played in orchestral Rosalind } Orlando
Celia. } Corin
Touchstone

ACT III.

Enter L. 2. throws himself

SCENE.— A clearing in the Forest. Morning. Up stage a shepherd is lying, his back to audience, playing his pipe. Sheep bells heard occasionally. ORLANDO is reclining on a bank, front, reading his verses. He rises and hangs them to a tree.

ORL.

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. *pipe & bells ring.*

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE. R. U. C.

(The shepherd up stage goes off.)

COR.

And how like you this shepherd's life Master Touchstone?

TOUCH.

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

COR.

No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that he that wants money, means, and content,

Light gradually up
o Work Blues 7

down

o Whites up

Pipe & Bells ring

Reds
down
Whites
full

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is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? (Patronizingly patting CORIN on the head.)

COR. No, truly.

TOUCH. Then thou art damned.

COR. Nay, I hope, -

TOUCH. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

COR. For not being at court? your reason?

TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. X es L

COR. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damned? sit on stumps R

COR. Sir, I am a true laborer; I learn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck. gets up.

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

COR. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother. The sheep-bell and pipe and tabor heard occasionally through this scene.) Goes around L & back of tree with

Enter ROSALIND reading a paper.

ROS. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind,

Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

ROSALIND smiles as she finishes; TOUCHSTONE laughs aloud, and she starts, and looks offended at his want of reverence.

TOUCH. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

ROS. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taste; -

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
~~Winter garments must be kind,~~
~~So must slender Rosalind.~~
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
~~He that sweetest Rose will find,~~
~~Must find love's prick and Rosalind.~~
Titum, titum, titum, tind,
Titum, titum, Rosalind!

X^o R

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

ROS. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROS. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside. *They go up*

Enter CELIA, reading a paper. *L 1 E*

CEL.

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
~~Some of violated vows~~
~~Twixt the souls of friend and friend;~~
~~And upon the fairest boughs,~~
Or at every sentence's end,
Will I Rosalinda write;

The sister

*Touch
Celia
Ros.
Celia*

Teaching all that read, to know
 The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show,
 Therefore heaven nature charg'd
 That one body should be filled
 With all graces wide enlarged:
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
 Cleopatra's majesty,
 Atalanta's better part,
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devis'd.
 ROSALIND advances and rears over her shoulder.
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd,
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.
 (TOUCHSTONE and CORIN also advance)

Both goes around Cel to C.
 ROS. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of love have you
 wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *a R.*
 Have patience, good people!

CEL. (TOUCHSTONE is looking over her shoulder and reading in
 dumb show, winking at CORIN.) How now! back friends;
 shepherd, go off a little: (TOUCHSTONE orders CORIN off
 with a gesture, when he turns - and is ordered off himself.
 He goes with comic abruptness, first picking up the paper,
 which he carries off, reading in dumb show.) go with him
 sirrah.

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not
 with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. → *Pipe, Bell*
 (Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.)

CEL. Didst thou hear these verses? *Ring*

ROS. O, yes, I heard them all, and more, too; for some of them
 had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CEL. But dost thou hear without wondering how thy name should be
 hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROS. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came;
 for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so
 be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,
 which I can scarcely remember.

CEL. Trow you who hath done this?

ROS. Is it a man?

Cel Ros.

CEL.

And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: change you color?

ROS.

I pr'ythee, who?

CEL.

O, lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet: but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter

ROS.

Nay, but who is it? Eh! eh! (Very anxiously)

CEL.

(Surprised) Is it possible?

ROS.

Nay, I pray thee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. (Very coaxingly laying her arm round CELIA'S neck.)

CEL.

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping! *Arms around her neck.* *X es R.*

ROS.

Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and a hose in my disposition? I pr'ythee tell me who is it, quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle - either too much at once, or not at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CEL.

Nay, he hath but a little beard. *laughing*

ROS.

Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL.

It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

ROS.

Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.

CEL.

I' faith, coz, tis he.

ROS.

Orlando? (Frightened)

CEL.

Orlando.

ROS.

Alas the day! (At first startled and ashamed at being caught out of her petticoats.) what shall I do with my doublet and hose? Then seizing both of CELIA'S hands and pulling them alternately.) What did he, when did he, when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CEL.

You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROS. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROS. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

CEL. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight. *sadly.*

ROS. Though it be a pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CEL. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I prythee. He was furnished like a hunter.

ROS. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CEL. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bringest me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak.

CEL. You bring me out, - Soft! comes he not here? *(Kisses her coaxingly)* Sweet, say on

ROS. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him. *Pipe and Bell-sounding*
(CELIA and ROSALIND retire - CELIA chuckling with delight.)

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES - ORLANDO cutting ROSALIND'S name on a broken branch. *Sits at the R.C.*

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society. *x es L*

JAQ. *Heaven*
~~God~~ be with you; let's meet as little as we can. *x L*

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you, mar no more my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name?

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Ros. Orlando

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ORL. Yes, just.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

JAQ. What stature is she off?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives, and conned them out of rings? ^{sits} Will you sit down with me; and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world but myself; against whom I know most faults.

JAQ. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORL. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ. ^{Rises & goes} By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you. ^{goes down R.}

ORL. He is drowned in the brook; look but in and you shall see him.

JAQ. There I shall see mine own figure.

ORL. ^{turning on Jaques} Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher. -

JAQ. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior. Love
(Exit JAQUES. L / G)

ORL. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.
(Throws himself on the ground at the foot of a tree. CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.)

ROS. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. (Raps him on the shoulder. He does not stir at first. She repeats it. He starts up, and she becomes timid.) Do you hear forester?

ORL. Very well; (At first inclined to be resentful, lets his good nature prevail.) what would you?

ROS. (At a loss what to say) I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORL. You should ask me what time o'clock; there's no clock in the forest. ^{X ed L}

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing

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Grosalind slyly beckons

ROS.

every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

ORL.

And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper? *X eo R*

ROS.

By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons; I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL.

I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

ROS.

Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year. *whittles his shell*

ORL.

Who ambles Time withal?

ROS.

With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: these Time ambles withal.

ORL.

Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS.

With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL.

Who stays it still withal?

ROS.

With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves. *Both to L then back*
(He appears struck with her features.)

ORL.

Where dwell you, pretty youth? *goes to L looking at Ros.*

ROS.

(For a moment embarrassed, glances at CELIA, who reassures her by a glance) With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like a fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL.

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROS.

I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank ~~and~~ I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal. *heaven*

Celia tries to remonstrate. He repels her.

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ORL.

(Eagerly, as if hoping her answer would aid him to conquer his passion). Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS.

(In a contemptuous tone.) There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL.

I pr'ythee, recount some of them. *Celia goes off*

ROS.

No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks: ORLANDO, who is finishing his carving, somewhat abashed, hides his knife and stick behind him. hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him. (ROSALIND seems to leave him). *Goes R*

ORL.

(Half-ashamed) I am he that is so love-shaked; (urgently) I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS.

(She goes round him, looking at him, quizzingly.) (*Orl. go round*) There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not a prisoner.

ORL.

What were his marks?

ROS.

A lean cheek, - which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, - which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, - which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that; for simply your lacking in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; (sighs heavily: then changes to a mocking tone) - but you are no such man; - you are rather point-de-vice in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL.

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS.

Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points in which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Hence the first Call of Act-IV
is made when the curtain is warned
for 3rd Act.

ORL.

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am
that he (sighing) that unfortunate he. *X es R.*

ROS.

(Sighing in mocking imitation; *up stage / through trees*; ORLANDO turns away annoyed.
She gently touches his arm, and says good-naturedly, as she
turns him to her: But are you so much in love as your rhymes
speak? *goes L.*

ORL.

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much. *Warn curtain.*

ROS.

Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well
a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they
are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary
that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by
counsel.

ORL.

Did you ever cure any so?

ROS.

Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love,
his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which
time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate,
changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish,
shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every
passion something, and for no passion truly anything as boys
and women are for the most part cattle of this color: would
now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then for-
swear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove
my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a loving humor of
madness; which was, to forswear the dull stream of the world;
and to live in a nook merely monastic; and thus I cured him;
and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean
as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of
love in't. *Rises X L. Or. puts foot on bank*

ORL.

I would not be cured, youth. *(Goes away and sits under a tree.)*

ROS.

Greeps beside him and nudges his elbow with her own, and smiling
I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come
every day to my cote and woo me. *X to R.*

ORL.

(Springing up eagerly) Now by the faith of my love, I will;
tell me where it is. *X to Or. L*

ROS.

Rise
Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you
shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORL.

With all my heart, good youth.

ROS.

Nay, you must call me Rosalind. (Foolishly swings her hands
hands to and fro-he does the same- then both glance slyly at
each other, burst into a laugh, and exeunt. *R L C*

wait after this act. CURTAIN. There is but one minute!

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} Touchstone
Audrey (turning)
Jaques

sets stage C.
sets L. Bank

ACT IV.

SCENE I. - The same as the last: toward the close of day.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; *Runs around stage to R*
JAQUES behind, observing them.

TOUCH. Come apace, good Audrey, apace, apace; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you? *L. U.C.*

AUD. (Looks at him in amaze, and grins idiotically.)
Your features! Lord warrant us! what's features?

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

JAQ. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house!
(Aside)

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. (AUDREY, still staring at him; gnaws at a huge turnip; TOUCHSTONE, annoyed, snatches it and throws it off. *She takes a large apple from her pocket, and begins again. He looks at her with a grimace.*) Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical

AUD. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

TOUCH. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

AUD. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical? *x h*

TOUCH. I do, truly, for thou swearest to me, thou art honest; now,

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Roslin
Celia
Corin

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If thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign,
"The business of the apple repeated; she takes out another
and begins at it.) *Keeps a bite in mouth.*

AUD.

Would you not have me honest?

TOUCH.

No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty compounded
to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQ.

A material fool! (Aside)

AUD.

Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me
honest!
(Apple business again, and as she is about to take out another
apple he holds her hand down; but she draws one from another
pocket with the free hand.)

TOUCH.

Well, praised be the gods. But be it as it may be, I will
marry thee, and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Martext
the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me
in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAQ.

I would fain see this meeting. (Aside) *Touch (And)*
around!

AUD.

Well, the gods give us joy! The gods give us joy! (Dances)

TOUCH.

Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in *Tree*
this attempt. But what thought? (She dances still more gro- *L C.*
tesquely) Courage! It is said, - Many a man knows no end of *sits.*
his goods: right. As a walled town is more worthier than a
village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable
than the bare brow of a bachelor.

JAQ.

Will you be married motley? (Advancing) *Warn Panorama*

TOUCH.

As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon
her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so
wedlock would be nibbling. *Takes Audrey's arm*

JAQ.

And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a
bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest
that can tell you what marriage is: some fellows will but join
you together as they join wains-cot; then one of you will prove
a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp. *goes up R.*

TOUCH.

(Aside) *goes R* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married
of such a one than another, for he is not like to marry me
well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse
for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQ.

Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

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Silvia
Phebe
Rosalind
Celia
Corin

TOUCH.

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Come, sweet Audrey,
(Exit JAC. TOUCH. and ANDREW. I will not to wedding with thee. ↓
Wind away, Begone I say
SCENE II. - Before a Cottage.
Ring to go L. 1. C. L. 4 C.

ROS.

Never talk to me; I will weep

CEL.

O, I pry thee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

ROS.

But have I not cause to weep?

CEL.

As good a cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROS.

But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CEL.

Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROS.

Do you think so? Not true in love?

CEL.

Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

ROS.

You have heard him swear downright, he was.

CEL.

Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

ROS.

I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando? x es R.

CEL.

O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, but all's brave, that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

COR.

Enter CORIN. R
Mistress and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complained of love Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

CEL.

Well, and what of him?

COR.

If you will see a pageant truly play'd Between the pale complexion of true love, And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

See that spear is handed to Rosalind as she comes off this scene.

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Phoebe Ros P Lyl

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ROS.

O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love: -
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

X es R

(Exeunt.)

Ring to go R 1 C.

Wait till

SCENE III, - The Clearing in the Forest as before.

Ring to stop Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE. R 2 C.

Miss X

SIL.

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

X es. before Change

A U B.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN behind; CORIN points
out SILVIUS and exit.

R. U. E.

PHE.

I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.

SIL.

O, dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE.

But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

X es R) till

ROS.

(Advancing.) And why, I pray you? who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? (PHEBE turns to her in admiration.) What
though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed.)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

Phoebe gesture

ROS.

I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
of nature's sale-work; (PHEBE makes a gesture of affection).
Ods my little life,

I think she means to tangle my eyes too! -
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship. -
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her?

You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favored children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear, -
PHEBE comes close expecting to hear something flattering,
ROSALIND whispers confidentially to her and taps her on
the shoulder.

Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
So, take her to thee, shepherd; - fare you well. *Yes up R.*

PHE.

Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; (Following
ROSALIND.) *get to R.C.*
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROS.

Why look you so upon me?

PHE.

For no ill-will I hear you.

ROS,

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides I like you not:
Will you go, sister? - Shepherd, ply her hard:
(Pushes SILVIUS across to PHEBE, and about to take CELIA'S
arm to go off. *Phebe moves him off*
Come, sister, - Shepherdess, look on him better, And he not
proud; though all the world could see, *Yes L*
None could be so abus'd in sight as he. Come to our flock.
(Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA. *L & C.*

PHE.

Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of night;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

SIL

Sweet Phebe, -

PHE

Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius? *Amiens, Lords,
Ben Duke's Page
(Dear)*
(Looking after ROSALIND.)